Appetence

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22487833.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Knotting, Knot Denial, Multiple Orgasms, Age Difference, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Mutual Pining, First Time, Loss of Virginity, Flirting, Office Sex, Hotel Sex, Mating, Mating Bond, Mating Bites, Assertive Will, Hannibal is a Gentleman, but also an idiot, mentions of mpreg, Mentions of Pregnancy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Kinkmeme Story Prompts
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-31 Words: 10,142 Chapters: 1/1

Appetence

by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

“Do you need anything from your room you can’t do without?” He asked, and Will blinked sleepily at him, confused. Hannibal moved his hand to the nape of Will’s neck and he whined*. “Poor thing, let me help you.”*

Notes

For the lovely Jonnimir who asked for a verse in which the loss of virginity was determined only a knot, not penetration. And for a student/professor relationship in which they both want it, but the older tries to be the "bigger man" and not corrupt the younger until he's ready to mate.

We all know how well that goes.

(funny story, this is the latest ABO we've written together, the very very first posts *next week* and is a gorgeous story we are so excited to share with you all!)

See the end of the work for more notes

Will found it ironic that his lecture on social exclusion theory was almost entirely empty. There were perhaps six students not including himself, and the lecturer, and Will was certain that they were all here for the lecturer.

Doctor Lecter had a way about him. He was charming and soft-spoken, had a dry sense of humor and smiled with his eyes and not his mouth. He was *European* , which in America would always be a draw card. And he was handsome.

Will wasn't stupid, but he was smitten. He'd caught himself often daydreaming about Dr. Lecter and his mysterious smiles outside of the classroom. In the kitchen, perhaps, making a cup of coffee in the morning after a romantic night of… of. This was where Will would admit himself a little stupid. But every young man had urges, and every young Omega had urges when a certain Alpha entered their lives, even if they never bonded.

So Will daydreamed and pined, and did extra homework assignments, and never once went to office hours because he wouldn't know what to do with himself confined in a small space with Dr. Lecter. He wanted to remain unnoticed and unimportant, one of the seven students in the lecture, nothing more.

"Mr. Graham,"

Will had to blink several times before he returned to the present, and to Dr. Lecter who was lecturing a paper, not whispering Will's name against the back of his neck in the archive library.

"Yes, Sir?"

"Stay behind, if you will?"

Will's anxiety ratcheted upwards. He was slow in tidying his things, ignoring questioning looks from his fellow students. He couldn't think of anything he might have done wrong. Perhaps he'd been caught daydreaming? Or worse, maybe his latest essay had been far more sub par than he thought.

Will's hands were shaking by the time he'd gathered up his bag and trudged towards the front of the room. They stood facing each other, the podium between them. It was hardly any sort of barrier, but it spoke to the instinctive Omega part of Will that told him to hide from a disappointed Alpha.

"You do a lot of extra work, Mr. Graham," Dr. Lecter noted. He tapped a stack of papers into place, several carefully typed essays that Will had stayed up late to write.

"I care about my grades, Sir."

Dr. Lecter smiled, a small, quiet expression that told very little of what he was feeling. "Yes, that much is clear. I wanted to reassure you that your grade in this class isn't in any danger."

"Sir?"

“You’re an excellent student, Mr. Graham. You remember everything you’ve been taught, no matter how trivial. There’s no need to add extra stress to your life like this.”

Will deflated. There was a part of him, small and stupid and overwhelmingly *Omegan* , that had hoped to impress the doctor. That he was instead being encouraged away from the hard work he’d put in distressed him.

“I don’t mind the extra work,” he said slowly. “I enjoy the material, Sir. But if it’s a bother to you, I’ll stop.”

“Oh, it’s hardly a bother to read well-composed essays written by someone who actually listens during my lectures,” Dr. Lecter countered, offering a small smile - a tilt of lips, even - at his student. Will swallowed down a sound that ached to rise up from his throat. “Were you considering continuing your education in psychology once you finish my paper?”

Will nodded, shifting his bag up higher against his shoulder. “Yes, Sir, I wanted to apply to the forensic psychology paper in my third year.”

“A brilliant course,” Dr. Lecter agreed, stepping out from behind the podium and bending to retrieve his own bag. “Dr. Bloom, I believe? We studied together.”

Will nodded again, unsure what he could say or do. This was the first time, he realized, that he and his professor were alone in the same room together. The thought thrilled him. He moved to walk in step with the doctor as he led them out of the lecture hall and turned to lock it behind them.

“Perhaps you would consider helping me with some research,” he said after a moment, and Will’s eyes honed in on him and widened. “I’ve long been looking for a TA I could trust with my lectures on days I myself have to be away on conferences.”

It was a tremendous honor, an amount of trust that Will could hardly dare to believe.

And it would mean more time together, long hours in Dr. Lecter’s office, trapped with the strong, thick scent of him.

Will should have said no. He was so unbelievably stupid for not shaking his head and walking straight back to his dorm room.

“I would be honored to lend a hand,” Will said, a smile slowly stealing over his features, too-bright and too-wide.

“Excellent,” Dr. Lecter said, looking him over. “You start tomorrow. Come to my office around three, we’ll start going over the necessities.”

Will was a mess when he showed up, but only on the inside. Outside, he was carefully put together, in clean, neat clothes, seemingly perfect. Except for being so frazzled that he hadn’t remembered to put any scent blocker on, but he’d hardly be the only one on campus secreting pheromones.

Dr. Lecter's office was fairly large, with several crowded bookshelves that immediately caught Will's attention. Dr. Lecter greeted him with a nod, gesturing to a chair by his desk.

Despite Will's indulgent imaginings of what being Dr. Lecter's - Hannibal, he'd asked Will to call him Hannibal - assistant would be like, the work was exactly what Will had expected it to be. Hannibal had meticulous lesson plans that he had Will look over and add to if he felt inclined. He had papers he wanted Will to mark on his behalf. And - the part Will felt most honored to do - he gave Will his own academic papers to read before he submitted them to journals.

While the position wasn't paid, the experience he would gain would offer Will an enormous leg up on the rest of the student body going forward in his studies. Four nights a week, Will joined Hannibal in his office and they worked side by side. Four nights a week, Will trained himself to breathe slowly and steadily while taking in as much of the Alpha's scent as he felt wasn't obscene. On occasion, three of the four nights, Will 'forgot' his scent blocker.

Dr. Lecter never once said anything about it.

Not until Will was nearing his heat. He was perhaps a week out when the familiar symptoms kicked in. Headaches, inexplicable hunger for sweet things, nesting in his room, urges. Every other heat he'd gone through, Will had managed on his own. As a teenager, his parents had taken him to a clinic where a patient and kind nurse had explained to the humiliated boy what would happen to his body and what to expect. After, he had chosen to go without clinic help.

The college had enough Omegas in the student population to offer substantial help in regards to their heats, so Will putting in for a week off ahead of time was far from unusual. But he thought it would be best to tell Hannibal face to face, since they spent so much time together.

"Hannibal?"

Hannibal looked up from the papers he was grading. Will fidgeted nervously with his own stack, somehow more nervous now than he'd ever been. There was no shame in a heat. He knew that. It meant he was fertile, meant he would someday provide an Alpha with healthy children. Who didn't want that?

But Will's cheeks still flooded red as he spoke. "I'll need to take some time off, in about a week or so."

Hannibal's brow furrowed, but then he stilled, and…

Will had to be going crazy from all his daydreaming. There was no way his handsome professor was *smelling* him.

"I see. Will you be needing the standard five days or an adjusted period?"

Will flushed darker. "Four days should be sufficient."

Hannibal took in another slow, deep breath. "Take the five," he decided. "Give yourself an extra day to recover. Just be sure to let me know if you have to excuse yourself a few days

earlier than expected."

"I… thank you, Sir, I will."

The rest of the afternoon passed without incident. Once Will's panic ebbed a little, he returned to being as quick and efficient as he always was. He had most of his assignments graded, with insightful comments, by the time Hannibal called the end of their day. Will stretched, arched in his seat with a groan, and when he opened his eyes, Hannibal wasn't at the desk anymore. For a moment Will thought nothing of it, but then he heard an intake of breath, a sigh that shifted the curls at the back of his neck, and he closed his eyes.

More and more he woke up with an ache in his chest knowing he dreamed of Hannibal, more and more he imagined that he was appealing not only as a good student but as an Omega, as a mate. And more and more he had to kick himself for being an idiot. He was nowhere near the league someone like Doctor Hannibal Lecter would look for in a mate. But, oh, they were sweet dreams…

"Will?"

"Yes?"

"Have a good evening," Hannibal said, the implication clear. Will blushed and ducked his head and grabbed his bag.

"And you, Sir, see you tomorrow."

Closer and closer Will's heat drew. He had bought up supplies and ordered a toy. He borrowed some more blankets from the medical center for the week. It became harder and harder to concentrate in his classes and with his work for Hannibal. One night, when it became damn near unbearable, Will hesitated even going into the doctor's office.

In the end, he knocked. He owed him that much, after all.

"Come in."

Will did, cheeks flushed, eyes rimmed with gold and lip already between his teeth. The office was such a safe place for him now, Hannibal's smell so familiar. He whined, unable to hold the sound back, before wincing in shame.

"I'm.. I'm not sure I can help this evening, I'm sorry," he sighed. "I thought I'd have another day before -"

"No," Hannibal said suddenly, voice stiff. "No, you certainly don't."

Will winced. He'd stopped wearing his scent blockers altogether weeks before, but it wouldn't have mattered. They didn't work on heat pheromones.

"I'm sorry," Will said again. "I'll just… I'll go back to my dorm. I'll see you in a few days."

He turned, mortified, hurrying for the door.

“Will.”

Hannibal’s voice stopped him in his tracks. Rich and deep, it sent a shudder down Will’s spine and induced a fresh trickle of slick into his briefs. He needed to get back to his dorm room *now* , before he was soaked through.

When he turned, Hannibal was fetching his coat. “You can’t possibly walk across campus in your condition. I’ll drive you.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Will protested, but Hannibal set a hand low to his back and nudged him out of the office, and the sudden heat of a hand against his spine killed any other complaints.

Hannibal was silent as he led the way to his car. He walked briskly, just ahead of Will, and so it was not until they got into the car that Will saw how tight his features had become.

“Direct me,” Hannibal instructed. Will obeyed, fidgeting uncomfortably in his seat. He could smell himself, in the small vehicle, the scent of sex and heat flooding the space. And he could smell Hannibal: masculine and warm and sweet and reassuring. Will wanted to nuzzle himself close and breathe him in, let his smell soothe and calm him and ease him through the next few days.

He directed Hannibal with quiet words, and as few of them as possible. He wanted to ask for his coat, to bury himself in it. He wanted a lot of things.

By the time the car pulled up outside of Will’s dorm, Will was sweating and trembling, perhaps an hour away from being entirely incoherent. He didn’t answer when Hannibal called his name softly, trying to break him of his stupor, so when the Alpha reached out to touch his cheek it was so unexpected and so welcome, that Will whined and tilted his head back, offering his throat.

Hannibal kept his hand where it was a moment, turning to draw his knuckles over his student’s fevered skin and down to his chin, ghosting the flat of his thumb over Will’s lips that immediately parted in welcome.

Achingly beautiful, tempting boy.

“Will, do you have someone to help you through this?” Hannibal asked, voice rougher than he would have liked. Will shivered and licked his lips before shaking his head, the motion turning into a needy nuzzle against Hannibal’s hand.

There were questions of ethics and inappropriate offers, questions of taking advantage and favoritism, but all of those silenced to a sort of background hum as Hannibal watched the needy, beautiful little Omega nuzzle him. If there were consequences, he would face them after. But right now…

“Do you need anything from your room you can’t do without?” He asked, and Will blinked sleepily at him, confused. Hannibal moved his hand to the nape of Will’s neck and he *whined* . “Poor thing, let me help you.”

The words drifted over Will, vague and hazy and completely impossible. He tried to rearrange them into an order that made sense, but his mind felt thick as syrup.

“My room…” He said slowly. That made sense. He had things in his room he needed. Bottles of water, granola bars, his toy.

Hannibal nodded. “Go and collect them, sweet boy. I’ll wait here for you.” He couldn’t be seen slipping in and out of student’s dorms with a heat-addled Omega, not if he could help it. He would fetch Will, if he failed to return, but it wasn’t ideal.

Will slipped from the car, free from the overwhelming scent of Alpha pheromones. His head cleared a little as he walked, and his heart began to pound.

He’d misunderstood something. Or imagined it. Hannibal couldn’t possibly be offering what Will thought he was offering. Still, Will packed a bag, face flush as he shoved the knotting toy into it. If nothing else, he’d ask to be dropped at a motel. He wouldn’t be able to face the others in his dorm after four days of heat.

Hannibal was still waiting, still smiling, when Will arrived. The second Will slid into the passenger seat, he had a hand on his nape again, rubbing gently at the short hairs there.

“Good boy.”

Will couldn't think straight, didn't know what to say or do and found that Hannibal didn't care. He petted Will's hair softly before starting the car again and pulling away. Away from the dorm, *with Will* , going somewhere they could hole away for a few days as Will's heat hit. Together.

Will shivered as though he were cold when he was anything but. He wondered if Hannibal had known about his illicit thoughts, about Will's pathetic imaginings and childish dreams. He wondered if maybe Hannibal had had his own, and was similarly keeping them from Will for fear of rejection.

But certainly not.

Certainly not .

He was an Alpha. Alphas feared nothing, worried about nothing, took what they wanted, asserted themselves -

"You're thinking far too much," Hannibal chastened Will softly, and Will ducked his head.

"I'm sorry," he sighed. "I just didn't think… I didn't think this would ever happen."

"Have you thought of it often?"

"Of you?" Will's blush deepened, warming the already hot skin of his cheeks. "Yes." He admitted quietly. Very quietly. "Often. I'm sorry."

“Don’t be.” Hannibal said, as if it was so simple, as if Will’s inappropriate fantasizing was perfectly welcome. “You haven’t been alone in your thoughts.”

Will’s brain ground to a halt. He gaped at Hannibal, frozen even when they parked and Hannibal removed the keys. Hannibal chuckled softly at Will’s expression.

“Will, you must be aware of what you look like. What you *smell* like.”

Will was vaguely aware of both. He’d stopped wearing scent suppressors on purpose. He just hadn’t thought it had been *working*.

“Come along,” Hannibal said, patting Will’s thigh. “I don’t want you out and about any longer than you have to be. Who knows how long you’ll be coherent.”

Will had left coherence behind somewhere around “let me help you,” and he was a bit worried it was never coming back. Still, he gathered his things, trailing after Hannibal into the hotel.

It was far nicer than one he would have picked for himself, but Hannibal seemed right at home. He charmed the girl at the desk, procuring keycards quickly while Will was still staring blankly at the goddamn chandelier.

“Let’s go, sweet boy,” Hannibal murmured in his ear, his hand low on Will’s back.

Will followed. He would have even if Hannibal wasn't guiding him. He would have followed him anywhere.

Already his mind was clouded with heat, thinking about little except the need clawing at his belly, and how slick his thighs were. In the elevator, enclosed again with Hannibal's smell, Will whined softly and pressed his forehead to Hannibal's shoulder, a harsh breath pushed from between parted lips when Hannibal set a heavy hand against Will's neck.

"Just a moment longer."

Calm, in control, poised; guiding Will from the elevator to the door and through it, closing it with a snap behind them. Safe, secure.

"Alpha," Will's voice cracked a little, and he dropped his bag to the floor, moving towards Hannibal, tucking his nose against his scent gland, shivering as he felt the deep contented purr of the doctor against the fingers he'd spread over his chest. "I need you."

Will was such a gentle thing, even outside of his instincts Hannibal had noticed him early. Always attentive in class, always ready with an answer, always offering extra work. The first time Will had forgotten his inhibitors it had taken all of Hannibal's willpower not to scent him then and there. After, he'd allowed himself to indulge with lungfuls of the Omega's sweet scent every time they worked the evenings together.

He dreamed of him.

He ached for him.

And now the little thing was nuzzling against his throat and begging so sweetly for help and Hannibal had to gather himself. This was not his Omega, this was a student, clever and beautiful and in need. He would guide and soothe and help, but this was not a chance to bite or knot.

He had to remember.

He sat a palm against Will's belly and gently rubbed there, smiling at the helpless noise Will made.

"Lovely Omega," he murmured. "Does it hurt?"

"Empty," Will sighed. "I'm so empty, I hate it."

“Poor thing.” Hannibal kept his voice soft and low, gently guiding Will to the bed. He returned for the bag, curious as to what Will found necessary for a heat kit.

Clean clothes, of course, and soap with a scent he would be used to, rather than hotel soap. Water bottles and granola bars, clever boy. Hannibal’s mouth turned down at the corners when he found the toy at the bottom. Unacceptable, and a poor substitute. He tucked the bag alongside the bed and set bottles of water and granola bars on the bedside table. Will would need those soon enough.

When he turned back to Will, the Omega had stripped himself of his shirt and belt. He’d stopped for a breath, sweating and trembling on the edge of the bed.

“Pants too, lovely boy,” Hannibal encouraged, helping him to undo the button. “You can’t be comfortable.” Indeed, he was soaked through, and his slacks and underwear clung to his thighs as Hannibal helped him step out.

He was beautiful. Tall and slender, but leanly muscled. His cock was perfect, small and nestled in a neat thatch of curls. A perfect handful, just enough for Hannibal to tease if needed.

Will stared up at him, lost and helpless to his own need. Hannibal guided him gently back onto the bed. “Present,” he said, firm and unyielding.

Will whined, tilting his chin back and letting his eyes close as he hoisted himself into the bed and scrambled to the center of it. There, he turned to his belly and drew up his knees.

Will had been practicing presenting alone in his room since he figured out his dynamic. He'd close his eyes and imagine that there was a beautiful Alpha behind him every time he tried, that he was as hungry for Will as Will was aching for him. It was embarrassing how many times he'd imagined his *first* time, yet none of his imaginings had ever come close to an Alpha as truly perfect as Hannibal being cast in his lover's place.

Will's legs spread, obscenely wide, back arching in a pleasing bow to press his chest to the bed. He shivered and a pulse of slick slipped from his pink hole to coat his thighs.

"Alpha," he whined, rocking gently back and forth, enticing and tempting and greedy. His little cock hung hard between his legs. "Alpha *please* ,"

He smelled divine. And suddenly the idea of Will filling himself with that toy had Hannibal's teeth bared and a growl low in his throat. Will spread himself wider at the sound, seeking to appease, to soothe, to distract.

He undid his own pants, uncaring for the rest of his clothes as he knelt behind Will and spread him open with wide hands. Will keened, squirming and nuzzling helplessly into the bedsheets.

"Alpha, *knot, please* ,"

“Settle,” Hannibal coaxed, bending over Will’s back to nuzzle at his throat. “I’ll make it feel better, sweet boy, just be patient.”

Will was beyond patience. He whined, nails dragging sharp against the sheets. He trembled in his efforts to be still, to wait for his Alpha to fill him.

“Just a bit,” Hannibal murmured against his jaw, “just enough to make you feel better.”

And then he was *there,* just where Will needed him, pushing slow and firm against Will’s entrance. Careful, steady pressure, until resistance gave and he finally slipped inside.

“Alpha!” Will cried out, reaching back blindly for Hannibal. Hannibal kept him in position with a firm hand between his shoulder blades, the other guiding Will’s hips up just a little higher.

It felt so fucking *good,* thick and long, curved to hit at Will in all the places that ached and screamed for touch. And soon, there would be more, soon he’d have the knot his body was craving. Will sobbed without relief, pushing back against Hannibal.

“Gently,” Hannibal guided, still holding Will down against the bed, but allowing him to rock back to find the pace and pleasure he needed. He was careful to not push back, to not give in to his own instincts and urges. His mind was clearer, hormones not clouding them like they were muddying Will’s, it was in his power to control how this went.

Will whined and clawed at the sheets harder, pistoning his hips back harder and harder despite Hannibal’s words, despite his hushing reassurances. He knew what he needed. He knew what he wanted, and he felt *empty* without it. And Hannibal was *here* , he was here and he was with Will and surely, *surely* -

“ *Alpha* -” Will’s tone was at once petulant and helpless, pulling lilting from his throat. “Knot, please knot -”

“No, Will.”

“ *Alpha please!”*

“No, sweet one,” Hannibal ducked to replace his hand with his teeth against the back of Will’s neck, holding there but not biting down, not biting *through* . He wouldn’t. He couldn’t take the boy that way before he had a mate of his own. He allowed himself to push a little deeper, to let his cock thicken further, but as soon as he felt the familiar heat, the familiar tightness that suggested his knot was forming he pulled back, almost all the way out, and Will *keened* .

“Alpha!” Will sounded simultaneously furious and betrayed. With Hannibal’s teeth nudging just so against pressure points, he could not draw up the strength to fight, but he could make his protest known. “Put it back!” He demanded, tears brimming in his eyes. “Put it back, oh god…”

“In a minute,” Hannibal promised him, pressing a soothing kiss over the place his teeth had grazed. He pet reassuringly at Will’s flank, soothing him until he felt he had control of himself again.

Will sobbed when Hannibal slid back in, when he was allowed to *move* again. He rocked frantically, one hand reaching back to claw at Hannibal’s hips.

“Easy,” Hannibal whispered, pulling back whenever Will did so their pace was stilted and slowed. “Careful, sweet boy, let me help you.”

“You aren’t,” Will whined, looking over his shoulder with a foggy, golden-eyed pout. “You aren’t, I need it, you have to give it to me.”

“I know what you need,” Hannibal purred, and his tone was lower, enough that the next whine from Will was more needy, his arching more obedient.

He knew that Will’s mind was on fire, that it sought a knot, that it demanded to be filled and bred, but until he was ready, until he found someone…

He hated that his Will had a toy for this, an obscene thing that barely resembled an actual Alpha cock, that pushed to pornographic levels the size of the knot that could be pumped larger or smaller. He hated that Will had thought to use it, that he was going to, had Hannibal not stepped in…

Surely he valued himself more than that? Surely he wanted to be penetrated properly, deeply, by his mate when he found one?

Hannibal slipped a hand between Will’s legs and cupped his cocklet and the Omega whimpered, immediately tensing his muscles to rock into Hannibal’s palm, bringing himself to leaking orgasm quickly. The pleasure was brief, enough to allow Hannibal to sit back and admire the beautiful, perfect presentation of the little thing beneath him, to tempt himself with a look down to where they joined, skin to skin.

His knot started to swell again, and Hannibal winced as he pulled back, stroking Will deliberately, almost painfully, to draw another orgasm from him, more slick from his red hole.

Will was going out of his mind. This was the first heat he'd had someone to help him through, the first he had been prepared to use a toy because with every heat it got harder and harder to just use blockers and his own fingers. But this was worse, this was *torture* .

He could feel Hannibal swelling against him, he knew that what he needed was right *there* , but Hannibal wouldn't let him have it.

Orgasms and penetration sated some of the burning need, but not all of it, and the second the wave of aching pleasure was over, the burn began anew.

"Why?" Will pleaded. "You said you would help."

Hannibal pressed gentle kisses to Will's shoulders, just the head of his cock stretching Will open. "I'll give you as much help as I can," he promised, "but there are some things that aren't mine to take from you. Things that you will want to offer a mate one day."

"But-"

Hannibal hushed him, nudging his hips forward just enough to draw a moan from Will. For a moment, Will forgot himself, rocking desperately, trying to draw out an orgasm from his Alpha.

"More," he demanded, "more, I need it, it *hurts.* "

Hannibal growled, low and deep, and shoved into Will a little harder, pushing his knot up against him, just enough to tease, just enough to tease himself… and then he spilled, a groan pulling low and vibrating through his ribs as Hannibal tilted his head back and forced his body not to move, to fill but not plug, to satisfy but not claim.

Not yet, not yet…

The feeling of his Alpha's release pulled Will's muscles to laxity. He was good, he'd been good, he'd brought pleasure to his Alpha, had made him come, was being filled like a good Omega. He wanted to be filled. He wanted to be overflowing.

But there was still that itch, that tug, that pain still that had him aching. He felt better but not satisfied, he wanted to pull Hannibal into himself and be tied to him for an hour more, as he was filled and knotted and held safe and warm. He'd brought him here, instead of letting Will take care of it on his own, why wasn't he taking what Will was so willingly giving? Why was he so *reluctant* …

"Am I… am I good, Alpha?" Will asked quietly, squeezing around Hannibal's cock, trying to rock back against him more. "Have I been good for you?"

Hannibal nuzzled Will's throat, pulling back slowly. Will let out a plaintive whine as he was left empty, slick and semen slipping down his thighs.

"You've been very good," Hannibal said, wrapping a hand around his knot to ease some of the ache. "Such a good boy, a beautiful boy."

He said all these things, but he had left Will empty and dripping. “Need a knot,” Will told him. He was *dripping* , and he shouldn’t have been. Everything should have been plugged securely into him, keeping him full. “I *need* it, why are you punishing me?”

“I’m not punishing you,” Hannibal said, frowning. “You aren’t thinking clearly. You’ll wish you’d waited for someone special.”

Will *wasn’t* thinking clearly, but he knew who he’d been waiting for, and he knew that the painful need was beginning to build again. He shook his head, whining and shoving himself up.

Just once, just a few minutes of silicon knot, and then he could take it again. Then Hannibal could tease him all he wanted. Will bent over the edge of the bed, digging desperately through his bag as the desire and emptiness grew worse at a frantic pace.

He packed the toy, he knew he had. It was the last thing he put in so it would be at the very top of his bag when he reached for it, he knew he’d brought it… then his fingers closed around it and he groaned in relief. There it was, all he needed to do was get it *in* -

“Will.”

“Let go!” Will clung to the toy like it was the most precious thing on earth, whining in distress when Hannibal - stronger, more assertive, clear-headed - yanked it away and tossed it. “Why? Why, Hannibal, what did I do *wrong?* ”

“You’ve done nothing wrong, Will, nothing,” Hannibal caught Will against his chest and held him close, keeping him from scrambling from the bed. “But you must understand, you’re not thinking clearly, you want something your instincts tell you but your mind isn’t ready to accept, please -”

“I know what I *want* , Hannibal, I’m not a child!”

“You’re young.” Hannibal told him, shoving Will down with a growl when the little thing continued to fight him. “And right now you’re stupid with hormones and lust. I cannot knot you, Will, don’t you understand that?”

“No!” Will squirmed until Hannibal bared his teeth and Will immediately lifted his chin in supplication. “Please, *please* , this is torture!”

“Is it?” Hannibal asked him. “I know how pretty young things like you spend their heats. I know what you would do if I left you alone. Would that be enough for you?”

Will glared up at him. It would be different, and Hannibal had to know that. There would be no pheromones to soothe him, no teeth in his throat, no heavy body atop his. He’d have a knot, but he’d give up everything else.

“If that’s what you want, you can have it,” Hannibal said gently. “The room is yours. But if I stay, you’ll be good for me.”

It was hardly a choice. Will was on fire, sweat slicking his curls back. He couldn't hold himself back.

"I want you to stay," he said, eyes scrunched shut to hold back frustrated tears. Hannibal brushed a kiss against his cheek and rolled him onto his stomach.

"I won't be able to keep from begging," Will murmured into the pillow. "That's not my fault."

"I know, sweetheart." Hannibal gripped each of Will's wrists, pulling them back. Will yelped when he felt the silk of Hannibal's tie weaving around his wrists.

"What are you doing?"

"Removing temptation."

Will sobbed but didn't argue, didn't struggle. For the few moments he had of coherence, he was a good boy for Hannibal. He lay still. He obeyed. He whimpered when Hannibal kissed his cheek. He didn't tell him that he wanted Hannibal to knot him, to bite him, to claim him and mate him. He didn't tell him that he'd thought this was what they were doing, coming here. He didn't tell him that the fact that they weren't added to the pain and emptiness within him that he couldn't express in words, only sounds.

And then he was gone again, wailing and needy and horny, whimpering for Alpha's cock and Alpha's knot, begging for Hannibal to breed him, aching to be filled. He came hard when Hannibal stroked his cock. He came again when Hannibal teased his teeth over Will's pale skin. And again when he nosed Will's scent gland.

When Hannibal filled him once more, Will was breathless and half awake, eyes glassy and lips parted over the sheets, drool darkening the fabric.

He remembered being made to drink water, and eat something sweet. He remembered soft hands and softer words. He remembered being fucked, thoroughly and deeply. He remembered wanting more, more, more, *more* …

And then his eyes opened and he could see without the pale haze of need blurring everything. He stretched with a groan, finding his wrists unbound, and rubbed his eyes. He was filthy, sweaty and covered in semen and slick. Everything hurt, but in the way muscles ached after a run, rather than after a beating. He sighed, and buried his face in the pillow that still smelled of Hannibal and he slept.

He woke again to gentle hands in his hair, against his forehead.

"No more fever," Hannibal said gently. "Up, sweetheart. Let's get you into the bath."

Will flinched. Now that his head had cleared, the pet name sounded like a mockery. It seemed ridiculous that he could have thought Hannibal wanted him. Hannibal had been helping a student, nothing more. Indulging Will's needs to scent and present without taking away his virginity, a virtue Will would have happily thrown at him.

He felt stupid. Stupid and dirty. He wanted to go home.

“I’d rather take a shower,” he said, voice hoarse. “On my own. I need some privacy.”

Hannibal kept touching him, his hands on Will’s skin as he helped him to his feet. Will pulled away, wrapping arms around his stomach.

“I can handle it.”

He shuffled to the bathroom, careful to keep as much of the mess on his body rather than spreading it over the hotel floor, until his feet hit tile and he closed the door behind himself. He rested his head back with a groan. Will wanted nothing more than to be coddled and cared for, nothing more than to have Hannibal nuzzle him and spread his scent over him after he bathed Will’s aching muscles and helped him get clean.

But that would be a lie, an even crueler one than this had been, and Will couldn’t handle it. He didn’t know what he’d do.

So he took a shower, cleaning himself up as much as he possibly could before toweling himself dry. When he opened the door to the hotel room again, he found that Hannibal had ordered room service, an enormous spread of food to appeal to Will’s exhausted and hungry body. He found, too, that he absolutely didn’t want to eat it.

He dressed quickly in his clean things, bundled up his dirty ones, and pushed his belongings into the bag he’d brought with him.

“I’ll need a day to get myself back to being able to work,” Will said, not meeting Hannibal’s eyes even as the Alpha tried to catch his. “Then I’ll be able to mark papers again and give you feedback on your latest paper. I started at home but,” he gestured, unnecessarily. “Thank you for the help. You shouldn’t have.”

Will left before Hannibal could answer him, the words ringing much more literally than kindly in Will’s wake.

For four days, Hannibal and Will shared the office but sat in it as though they were alone.

Will started wearing his scent inhibitors again, spoke only when spoken to, and left when his hours finished, instead of lingering to speak as he had before.

In truth, he ached. As much as the heat had exhausted him, the pain of rejection stuck around like a scab Will couldn’t stop picking at. He wanted to know why Hannibal had offered, if he wasn’t going to claim Will. He wanted to know if he’d done this with others. If the man had a hero complex, had to ‘rescue’ lost and lonely Omegas, then it would be easier to deal with for Will than outright rejection, but he *had to know* .

It simmered under the surface, as they moved around each other like strangers rather than men who knew every inch of each other. Will ached with every motion, every soft inhale of Hannibal’s subtle Alpha scent.

It came to a head over a book, of all things. Will was up on his toes, attempting to pull a volume from a high shelf, when he felt sudden warmth at the base of his spine. Hannibal's hand braced him as he helped Will pull the book down, pulling back as quickly as he'd come forward. Will shoved the book back onto a lower shelf and whirled on him.

"What the hell is your problem?"

Hannibal blinked at him, alarmed by the uncharacteristic fury in Will's voice.

"You can't just *do* that," Will added. "You can't touch me, and scent me and, and *fuck* me like it's a *chore,* and then turn around and get handsy like you didn't absolutely humiliate me."

Hannibal's brow furrowed. "Will, I don't understand why you're angry."

"Oh, of *course* not." Will turned his back on Hannibal, pacing the short length of the office. "Just another stupid Omega with a crush, you must get dozens of those every semester."

Hannibal was quiet, no immediate defense at the ready. He watched Will pace away, and pace back, and gently caught a hand on his arm before he could move off again.

"Will," he murmured, squeezing a little when Will tried to pull away. "How old are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"Please just answer me."

"I'm twenty-one," Will muttered. "I'm not a child."

"But you are just beginning your life as a fertile Omega," Hannibal told him. His voice was soft, but not quite patronizing, not quite there. "A first heat with your mate will be the most important in your life, it will be very special. I will not take that from you."

Will huffed a laugh, shaking his head in disbelief before pulling his arm free. "I *know that* , Hannibal," Will replied. "I *wanted that* with you. But you denied me."

"Why?"

"I don't know why!" Will dragged a hand through his hair. "Ask my hormones why. Ask my instincts. I want you, Hannibal, I want to be yours, and you - very clearly - do not want the same. So please, *please* stop touching me and being so…"

Hannibal's hand caught his. He tugged, just gently, but Will was helpless to resist him. Even now, even radiating fury, Will couldn't pull himself away.

"You're a foolish man if you think I don't want you," Hannibal said, brushing his lips against Will's temple, "and I have never known you to be foolish. You're beautiful, Will, and clever. Any Alpha would consider himself lucky to have earned your affection. You shouldn't throw away a treasured moment on a whim, on *hormones* ."

“You’re awful,” Will told him, tears brimming in his eyes. “I don’t know what I ever saw in you.”

Hannibal cupped his face in both hands, pressing another kiss against his forehead. “I’m not sure I know, either.”

“Shut up,” Will said. “Just… Just shut up. If you won’t bite me then the *least* you could do…” he shook his head with a bitter laugh. “Just this much. If you *want me* so badly, just let me have *this.”*

He pushed forward, capturing Hannibal’s lips in a kiss that was more need than finesse. Hannibal groaned, wrapping an arm around Will’s waist and hauling him close.

“Just this,” Will gasped against his lips. “Whatever you’re willing to give me, I’ll take it.”

And though it would kill him when Will inevitably moved on, Hannibal nodded, and turned to back Will up against the desk.

Will whimpered, yanking hard at Hannibal’s shoulders, at his arms, clawing at him like a feral thing until Hannibal grasped his hips and lifted him, seating Will on the desk and stepping close between his legs.

Will moaned.

He wrapped his thighs around him and slipped his hands into Hannibal’s hair, arching his back and moaning when Hannibal set a broad hand to Will’s throat, another to his stomach.

“Touch me,” Will whispered. “Please touch me, or I’ll lose my mind.”

“Sweet boy,” Hannibal nuzzled him, first Will’s temples, then his nose against Will’s until Will’s lips caught his own and Hannibal devoured him. He was helpless to him, addicted, enamored. He wanted Will, he wanted him so desperately. When Will arched up again, Hannibal slipped a hand between his legs and the whimper that escaped the young pretty thing in his arms was ambrosia.

‘Just this’ he supposed would have to do. As long as he could smell him, hold him, touch him, even for a moment.

“Hush, sweet boy,” he whispered, though his own voice was rough and shaking, his own pleasure barely contained. “Someone could hear.”

“Let them,” Will gasped, dropping an arm over his head to cling to the edge of the desk as Hannibal pushed him down against it, and sought over Hannibal’s shoulders with his other, tugging him closer. “Let them hear, I want them to.”

Hannibal worked them both as bare as they needed to be to be able to rut together, too impatient to worry about his or Will's clothes getting damaged or messy. He lined up and shoved in without warning or hesitation, drawing a helpless, loud cry from Will.

“Terrible,” Hannibal told him, pulling back to thrust in again, hard. “Tempting,” again, pressing a palm over Will’s mouth when his sweet Omega cried out so beautifully for him. “Sinful boy, you undo me.”

Hannibal pressed his teeth to Will’s pulse and held on, relishing the shuddering, the keening, the squirming of the little thing beneath him. He wanted to mark him, to claim him, to properly mount him. He *wanted* .

He could feel his knot swelling, could feel his own desire pulse closer and closer to its peak. No knot, but he *would* have the boy leave here smelling of him. He would have Will smell of him as often as possible. His free hand caught Will’s thigh and spread him, working himself quick and deep into his boy until his orgasm overtook him and he filled him up. Will whimpered against Hannibal's hand, drew his nails sharp over Hannibal’s chest as his eyes glazed in pleasure.

Hannibal reached for Will when he pulled away, silencing his displeased whine with a hand around his cock, enveloping it. He thumbed at the head, tightened his grip, let Will thrust up as much as he wanted until he too was coming, pulsing over his stomach.

He was a mess, dripping Hannibal’s seed down onto his desk, and Hannibal had never seen anything more beautiful.

“I won’t go back to pretending we don't feel something for each other,” Will said when Hannibal finally drew his hands away. “I don’t want to stop.”

“Then we won’t stop,” Hannibal said, despite his better judgement. “You can have whatever you want.”

“Except a knot,” Will pointed out.

“Will…”

Will turned away, straightening himself up. “I know,” he said quietly. “It is what it is. I’ll deal with it.”

Hannibal hated to disappoint him. He hated to ever see such a look of quiet despair on Will’s face.

But Will wouldn’t thank him later for taking advantage of a young man’s eagerness and naivety. Hannibal had to do what was best for him.

Will kissed him deep before leaving that evening. Hannibal held Will close and kissed him back.

In class, Will paid just as much attention, he wrote essays to the highest standard, participated in discussions, was the star pupil. And sometimes, after, Hannibal would bend him over the podium and bury his face between Will’s cheeks and cup his little cock in his palm as he worked Will to orgasm.

They graded papers till late into the night, speaking together and sharing glasses of wine. Hannibal published two papers. Will's name was included in the acknowledgements; the youngest person at the university to have such credits to his name.

Sometimes, they got distracted.

"Alpha," Will was breathless, clinging to Hannibal's unbuttoned shirt as he rode him, slow and deliberate, sinking into his lap and taking Hannibal as deep as he could. He felt the knot swelling, bit his lip as he whined and forced himself not to tempt Hannibal further into knotting him.

He'd tried, now, for weeks.

He'd always failed.

"Alpha, fill me…" he moaned, tucking his face against Hannibal's throat, nibbling at his scent gland, gasping as Hannibal's wide palms spread over his back and against the back of his head. "Fill me up, I want to carry your scent home."

Hannibal was more than happy to oblige. He thrust up into Will's welcoming heat, holding Will close as he spilled inside him. He had to reach down and get a hand around his knot to ease the overwhelming sensation, but his other hand held Will's face against his throat. Will took in deep breaths as he rocked, whining desperately when he finally spilled between them.

They stayed like that, pressed together, sharing scents and breaths. Hannibal nuzzled into Will's hair, fighting down longing.

"My heat is coming up again," Will said, shattering both silence and peace, "and I seem to have misplaced my knotting toy."

Hannibal tensed up, arms tightening around him. He'd disposed of it while Will had been sleeping off the remnants of his last heat. The thought of Will filling himself with it, replacing Hannibal with silicon, had been unbearable.

Now, he had another thought, one that had a low growl building in his chest. Will, chest to the bed, beneath some brute of an Alpha who wouldn't know how to care for him the way he deserved.

"Easy," Will said, placing a palm against Hannibal's racing heart. "I want you to spend it with me."

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, and he turned his face against Will's curls, possessively scenting him as the little thing made himself so comfortable in his lap. He wanted to. He wanted to spend every heat with him. He wanted to call Will his own. But he was young, and clever, and not Hannibal's to take.

"While I'm clear-headed," Will mumbled, scratching gentle fingers through the hair on Hannibal's chest. "I'll tell you what I want. Will you listen?"

“Of course.”

Will hummed, stretching his shoulders and sitting back enough to see Hannibal properly. “I want you to spend my heat with me,” Will repeated. “And I want you to knot me, and bite me, and make me your mate.”

“Will -”

“If you don’t want that,” Will replied, speaking over Hannibal’s attempts to dissuade him. “Then I will spend my heat alone. But I would much rather not.”

“It isn’t about what I want,”

“Why?” Will asked.

“Because you’re still -”

“Young, yes, but far from stupid. You’ve often told me. It’s as flattering as it is patronizing, do you know that?” Will asked, smiling when Hannibal frowned at him. “I want you. I’ve made up my mind. I’ve said my piece. The rest is up to you.”

Hannibal looked at him, just looked. He opened his mouth, and Will set a finger to it.

“I’m due by the end of the week,” Will told him. “I’ll be taking five days off. You can come see me if you want me. But think about it. Really, think about it. Don’t just say what you think you have to.”

He climbed from Hannibal’s lap, grabbing his clothes from the floor. He didn’t look back, as he dressed and walked out. Hannibal didn’t go after him.

He just sat, and thought.

Will’s heats got worse every time. He woke two days later to find he could not even drag himself out of bed. He sobbed as he rolled himself onto his stomach, shoving two fingers into himself.

He had known that Hannibal wouldn’t come. He was prepared for it. But he couldn’t stop himself from wanting him, from seeking out a scent he knew he wouldn’t find. His body knew its Alpha. He knew who he belonged to, even if Hannibal himself would never see it.

Will had bought a new toy. It mocked him from the bedside table, long and thick and perfectly shaped, but not at all like Hannibal. He didn’t want it. He was going to need it soon, regardless.

His first orgasm was unsatisfying, and he buried himself in the nest he’d made in bed with a groan, curling up as small as he could, trying to squeeze out the emptiness he felt in his belly. He’d need to find Hannibal a replacement TA. He wasn’t sure he could stand working with him if they were not mated; he wanted him too much. Silly, perhaps, irrational, certainly, but that was the truth of it.

And Will couldn't bring himself to half-ass any work he was given. Which was even more ridiculous.

Will was roused from his nest not by the desperate need to fill himself, but by a knock on the door, which almost seemed worse.

He'd left a note with the dorm, had put up the required paperwork on his door, surely people didn't need him that desperately to get him out of bed when he was *aching* -

"Will."

His breath hitched and Will whined, squirming to free himself from the tangle of blankets and clothes he'd burrowed into. Maybe his mind was playing cruel tricks. Maybe he'd finally worked himself to delusions with how heat-addled his brain was. He nearly tripped over when his foot caught against a slipped sheet but he made it to the door wrapped in a long jacket and nothing else and opened it just a crack, just enough to see.

The smell of his Alpha was overwhelming, and Will immediately reached out to tug Hannibal into his room and pushed up onto his toes to kiss him pressed back against the door.

"You came," he whined. "You're here,"

"I'm here," Hannibal said, sounding as if he didn't quite believe it himself. He seemed overwhelmed, for a moment, with Will bare and clinging to him, but instinct soon took over. He cupped a hand over Will's nape, tilting his head to nose at his scent gland, while the other trailed down between Will's cheeks to test what little resistance there was to be found. "Lovely boy," he murmured, "you're dripping."

"Hurts," Will told him, gasping and driving himself back towards searching fingers.

"It's alright. I'll fix it."

Will was not too far gone to sink teeth into the collar of Hannibal's shirt, an aggressive warning from a defensive Omega. "You'd better," he said. "If you aren't here to stay, you shouldn't be here."

Hannibal tilted Will's head back, pressing their foreheads together. "I'm here to stay," he whispered.

Will whined, aching to believe him.

"Come on, sweet boy," Hannibal said, nudging Will back towards the bed. "Present for me."

Will went immediately, but hesitated with only one knee up on the mattress. He turned to glare at Hannibal. "No ties," he demanded. "Strip over there."

Hannibal laughed softly but obeyed, eyes on the beautiful boy as Will climbed back into his nest and spread his legs. The scent of him was overwhelming, the sweetest most addictive thing. Hannibal had told himself, even up until he climbed out of the car that he'd parked on the street, that he wouldn't come. That he couldn't. Now that he was here, he wanted to be

nowhere else. When they left this room they would be a bonded pair and the thought thrilled him. Will rocked his hips up and back as he watched Hannibal strip, whining and needy. He reached out a sweaty hand, fingers spread, and sighed when Hannibal kissed his palm.

“Spread wide, Will,” he murmured, climbing into bed behind him, groaning in pleasure when Will obeyed. The Omega’s thighs were covered in slick, his hole squeezing and relaxing over and over, begging for Hannibal’s cock as surely as Will’s soft keens were.

“Alpha,” he groaned. “Mount me, knot me, breed me, *please* - ”

“Hush,” Hannibal soothed him, lining himself up before pushing in deliberate and deep, driving Will’s voice from him in a harsh gasp of sound. “You’re mine, beautiful boy, entirely mine to claim.”

“Yes,”

“And I will have everyone in this dorm know,” Hannibal added, pulling out and thrusting in deeper, hips angled to seek Will’s prostate. “And the entire school, that you are mine.”

“Yes, *yes* , please -!”

“And after we’re done here, and you’ve established yourself, I’m going to fill you with so many pups-“

Hannibal didn’t get to finish his sentence. Will tightened around him with a keening cry, shaking beneath him as he came hard across the sheets. Hannibal slid an arm around Will’s waist, palm pressed tight to his stomach - flat, for now, but soon to be rounded and bloated from Hannibal filling him.

“Please please please,” Will gasped, as he felt the beginnings of Hannibal’s knot slamming against him. He didn’t know what he would do if Hannibal refused to knot him, after all of this. He wasn’t sure he had the strength to turn him away.

Hannibal pressed himself against Will’s back, fucking him almost violently into the sheets. “I’m going to fill you,” he growled, “I’m going to breed you so thoroughly that you forget everything but how to spread for me, how to bend and arch and present for me to enjoy.”

“Knot,” Will pleaded. “Knot, breed, god damn it, Alpha, *bite me.”*

Hannibal growled, a deep and threatening thing, and Will gasped, tilting his head back to offer his throat, to placate and tempt.

Too many things happened at once: Hannibal surged forward, his knot stretching Will’s hole enough to *ache* , Will’s little cock pulsed between his legs in another helpless orgasm, and Hannibal’s teeth set to his throat and broke skin.

Will was dizzy, heart beating so hard it was all he could hear. He was *floating* , euphoria overtaking him so thoroughly he was certain he’d lost consciousness for a moment; but he was present, could feel everything, needed to feel *more* .

Hannibal was curled over him, hips rocking lazily into Will as his knot held them tied together. Will felt another thick pulse of come fill him and moaned, squirming comfortably in the nest. He could feel Hannibal's tongue gently lapping up the blood from his bond mark and it was so gentle, so intimate, so perfect, that he sobbed.

"Will,"

"More," he whispered. "More, Alpha, please,"

"Greedy boy."

Will purred, eyes closing in languid pleasure as Hannibal moved to nuzzle his sweaty curls next. "Your greedy boy," he sighed happily. He felt Hannibal's answering purr vibrate against his spine. He'd never been this content in his entire life. Hannibal had never filled him so deeply and Will couldn't get enough of it. His own cock was soft and wet between his legs, and for a few moments more Will had his wits about him.

He looked over to the toy on his bedside table and snorted, drawing Hannibal's attention to it. The purr turned into a growl.

"Are you jealous?"

"Will."

"I never used it," Will promised him. "Just wanted your knot. Always your knot, always you."

In answer, Hannibal rolled his hips forward, drawing a gasp from Will.

"You have it," Hannibal said, "you have me. You have all of me."

Will grabbed for Hannibal's hand and drew it to his stomach again. There would be no pregnancy, thanks to the hormonal implant Will had, but he imagined he could feel a little swelling anyway.

"Make me believe it," he said. "Fill me up."

Hannibal pushed him further down into the sheets.

- a year later -

There were nine students in the lecture hall now, not including Will, but he supposed it made sense. This was a second year paper, those not weeded out in the first year had no choice but to continue with Hannibal's lectures for their degree.

To give them credit, though, they were at least paying attention. Those not immediately taking notes had recorders on their desks to listen to the lecture again later. Will sat at the back of the room, as he always did, and daydreamed.

He thought of cups of coffee and warm embraces. He thought of lingering glances and tracing his fingertips over thick corded muscle. He thought -

“Will.”

“Yes, professor?”

“Stay behind would you please? I have a paper to discuss.”

“Of course, Dr. Lecter.”

Will waited for the rest of the class to file out before pushing himself to stand with a groan and making his way down the stairs to the podium.

Hannibal met him halfway down, catching Will under his arm to guide him the last few feet.

“How long until they realize your TA is your mate?” Will said with a laugh. “They looked at me like they were scared I was in trouble.”

“That’s because none of them have half the intelligence you do. If it were them, they *would* be in trouble.”

“If I’m naughty, do I get a spanking?”

Hannibal rolled his eyes, guiding Will to a seat at the front of the room. “You should have stayed home today. You’re nearly due.”

“The doctor said two more weeks. If he still has room to move in there, we have time.”

Hannibal placed both hands to Will’s rounded stomach, feeling for the pressure of their son’s fist against his hand. “I still think there are two.”

“The scan said one.”

“Scans can be wrong. And twins come early.”

“Wishful thinking,” Will grinned, but his teasing was warm. When Hannibal looked up at him, Will cupped his cheek and leaned in to kiss him. “I will give you more pups,” he told him softly. “If not immediately, he will have a brother.”

“I know,” Hannibal replied, nuzzling him. Since bonding, their relationship had flourished as much on intimacy, as on intelligent discourse. Hannibal trusted no one else to edit his papers, and once Will finished his first year of college, he took over almost half the lecture hours Hannibal had for that paper.

Until a heat had taken, until Will started to swell with their pup and standing up for long periods of time became difficult.

“I have another class,” Will reminded him quietly, pressing their foreheads together as he set his hands over Hannibal’s on his stomach. “Just one more. Then I’m taking a nap in the

office.”

“Then I’m taking you *home* ,” Hannibal corrected him, amused. “And you’re having a well-earned sleep in the nest.”

Will snorted. “And you?”

“Me?” Hannibal hummed. “I have papers to grade and classes to plan, my TA isn’t pulling his weight anymore.”

“No, he’s got extra baggage now.”

Hannibal kissed him, then he kissed him again, and only then did he stand and hold his hand out for Will to take. It was their last week teaching together before Will went on maternity and Hannibal took time off to care for his mate. Will had no idea what would happen after, how they would wrangle a newborn and teaching, who would work and who wouldn’t, how anything would work, but he knew that they would deal with it head-on together, come what may.

End Notes

Appetence

(n.) an eager desire, an instinctive inclination; an attraction or natural bond.

FIND US ON TWITTER | TUMBLR | PILLOWFORT

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!